



12.17.1914



PRESENTED FOR THE  
SCHULOWITZ COLLECTION

1524

# BROAD GRINS;

OR

A CURE FOR THE

# H O R R O R S;

CONTAINING A DELICIOUS TREAT

OF

*Eccentric, Prime, Laughable, Funny, Sentimental,  
Religious, Extraordinary, Humorous, Bang-up*

# J E S T S

AND

“FLASHES OF MERRIMENT,”

Extracted from the choicest Works of the most celebrated Wits of every Age.

BEING A GOOD MEAL

FOR THOSE WHO LOVE TO

LAUGH AND GROW FAT;

AND SO DISHED UP

*As to dispel the Spleen; Cure the Hypochondriac;*

AND DRIVE AWAY THE

# BLUE DEVILS!

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## PREFACE.

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SO many Collections of Jests having been published, and even the worst of them have been generally so well received, that little seems necessary to be said, as an apology for adding one dish more to the entertainment served up to the Public.

That Jestings was not that very light thing which men now esteem it, may be easily proved with so much learning as would seem to treat a joke too seriously; and it may therefore surprize men who have not read much to hear, that even the *grave* and *sententious* PLUTARCH may be accounted one of our best Jest collectors, having in his *Morals* preserved a number of jokes which do not lose by their age, but remain perfectly pointed. They have one Jest against, however; that is, that "*every thing but a Bishop, is hurt by translation.*"

In DIVINITY, our ingenious prototype, in more than one instance, has diverted his audience into a good humour with virtue; for

"A Jest may catch him who a sermon flies,  
"And prayer ascend instead of sacrifice."

And every body must remember the success which attended the Rev. Dr. WHITFIELD, from his happy knack of telling a story. DANIEL BURGESS, in the last century, depended upon punning; and HUGH PETERS, the regicide, killed his sovereign with a joke.

Stale Jests, insipid Poems, and gross indecencies, we have carefully avoided; but the lively Jest, the true *Bon Mot*, the entertaining Blunder, and Droll Sayings, have been chiefly the object of attention.—The sagacious reader will likewise perceive that we have introduced a great number of *new Jests*, as well as some other pieces of genuine wit and humour which never appeared in any other Jest-Book, nor were committed to the press in their present form, till the publication of this work.

In a word; the PUBLISHER of this Jest Book, modestly presuming that he has provided a good meal for those who love to laugh and grow fat, bids his readers to fall to; and much good may it do them!

# BROAD GRINS;

OR,

A CURE FOR THE

*H O R R O R S !*

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**L**ATELY a Mr. Constable, of Woolwich, passing through the church-yard of that place, was surprised to hear a loud noise, like that of several persons singing; at first he thought it proceeded from the church, but on going to the church doors, found them fast, and all within silent. The noise continuing, he looked round the church-yard, and observed a light in one of the large family tombs going up to it, he found some drunken sailors, who had got into a vault, and were regaling themselves with bread, cheese, tobacco, and strong beer. They told him they belonged to the Robust man of war, and that having resolved to spend a jolly night on shore, they had kept it up in a neighbouring ale-house, till they were turned out by the landlord, and were obliged to take shelter here, to finish their evening. In their jollity they had opened some of the coffins, and crammed the mouth of one of the dead bodies full of bread, cheese, and tobacco. Mr. C. with much difficulty, prevailed on them to return to their ship. In their way thither, one of them being much in liquor, fell down, and was suffocated in the mud. On which his

comrades took him up on their shoulders, bringing him back to sleep in company with the *honest gemmen* with whom he had passed the evening.

WRITTEN OVER A SHOP-DOOR IN THE COUNTRY.

"Powder, shot, and other groceries, with lodgings for travellers, sold here".

An author consulted a friend in respect to a *great man*, to whom he should dedicate his work, when he was recommended to subscribe it to the *Statue at Charing Cross* because that "*Great Man was not likely speedily to lose his place*".

A gentleman has just published a treatise on baking, in which, he says, will be found a hard *crust* for the critics.

When CROMWELL, Earl of Essex, the son of a blacksmith, was twitted on the obscurity of his birth by a Duke, he replied,—"*My Lord Duke, you boast of your uncestry—my posterity will boast of me*".

It was anciently thought uncharitably, and ungraciously objected to the female *heart*, that there was no possibility of fathoming it. Surely our modern ladies, thanks either to their simplicity, or the mode of dress, leave the way to it quite open.

Wanted, a Sexton for the parish of Harleigh. He must be of a *grave* disposition, and have no connections with *resurrection* men.—His notice appeared in a provincial paper.

By the last account from France, we hear, that most of the *French* troops in Hanover are *Germans*.

A young girl at Manchester, having a violent cold in her gums, was desired to apply leaches; when going to the chemist, was told the price was three shillings a-piece; she seemed astonished, and asked when they



would be cheaper? Not before summer, replied the chemist; then, says she, *I think I'll wait.*

A capital *dairy*, lately advertised for sale, has this N. B. A never-failing *pump* in the yard.

Dr. Broadrum being indisposed, sent for a physician, who expressed some surprise at being called on so trifling an occasion: Not so *trifling* neither (said he), for, by mistake, I have taken some of *my own* cordials!

A non-freeman of the city, at a late dinner, not wishing to sing, though possessing great musical talents, on being called on for a song, begged to be excused, as he no *voice* in the City.

Mr.——, a wretched artist, telling a friend that he ment to white-wash the ceiling of his room, and after print it,—the gentleman observed, that he thought he had better paint it first, and white-wash it afterwards.

Two men going from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller riding softly before them on his sacks, were resolved to abuse him; so they went on each side, saying, "Come, tell us, miller, art thou more knave or fool?" "Truly," said he, "I don't know which I am most; but I believe I am *between both.*"

A braggadocio, in company with Mr. Charles B——, bragged that he had demolished five hundred men with his own hand. Sir, says Charles, *I have killed in my time, let me see—five at Madrid; ten at Lincoys; twenty at Paris, thirty at Vienna; and double the number at the Hague. But at length coming over from Calais to Dover, I had scarce disembarked, before a desperate son of a bitch of an Irishman killed me. Killed you!* said the officer, *damn you, what do you mean by that?* Sir, replied Charles, *I did not dispute your veracity, and why should you question mine?*

A gentleman remarkably fond of intelligence, meeting a courtier, asked, What news? *Why Sir,* replied he, *there are forty thousand men risen to-day.* To what end, said the first, and what do they intend? *Why,* to go to bed at night, answered he.

A poor man who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her, if she spoke one crooked word more, he'd beat her brains out: *Why, then, Rams-horns,* you rogue, said she, *if I die for it.*

A certain fop was boasting in company that he had every sense in perfection; No, by G—d, said one who stood by, *there is one your are entirely without—and that is common sense.*

It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who pretended it was *Linck*—I see, said the judge, *the old proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed on Inch, as taken an L.*

It was said of one that remembered every thing that he lent, but nothing that he borrowed, *that he had lost half his memory.*

A gentleman talking of his travels, a lady in company said, she had been a great deal farther, and seen more countries than he. *Nay, then, madam,* replied the gentleman, *as travellers, we may lye together by authority.*

One asked his friend, Why he, being so proper a man himself, had married so small a wife? *Why, friend,* said he, *I thought you had known, that of two evils we should chuse the least.*

A parson, in the country, taking his text in St. Mathew, chap. iii. ver. 14. *And Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever,* preached for three Sundays together on the same subject: soon after two country fellows going across the church-yard, and hearing the bell toll,

one asked the other who it was for? *Nay, I can't tell; perhaps,* replied he, *it is for Peter's wife's mother, for she has been sick of a fever these three weeks.*

Sir Charles Wager, as is common with persons who have great personal courage, and but little learning, had a sovereign contempt of physicians; tho' a surgeon, in some cases, he believed, might be of good service. It happened that Sir Charles was attacked by a fever, while he was out upon a cruize, and the surgeon prevailed upon him to lose a little blood, and suffer a blister to be laid upon his back.—By-and-by it was thought necessary to lay on another blister, and repeat the bleeding; to which Sir Charles also consented. The symptoms then abated; and the surgeon told him, that he must now swallow a few boluses, and take a few draughts. *No, doctor,* says Sir Charles, *you shall batter my hulk as long as you will, but damn you, you shan't board me.*

One man asked another, how such a person lived these hard times? To which he was answered, *By his wits.* *I wonder,* says the other, *how he can live upon so small a stock.*

A country attorney appearing in a cause at the assizes, some years ago, in very dirty linen, before a judge not remarkable for his integrity, Mr. Justice took occasion to reprimand him for such a contempt of the court; To which the attorney very briskly replied, *That although his shirt was dirty, his hands were clean.*

The late General G——, as celebrated for his *bon mots* as his bravery, being at a coffee-house one morning near St. James's, during the rebellion in 1745. when the Roman Catholics were prohibited from coming within ten miles of the capital, and seeing a Jew standing with his back to the chimney with the hinder flaps of his coat opened to the right and left, that the fire, as it was a nipping, might have more force upon his centre of gravity, *squeezed* out to a friend of his on the

other side of the table, "G—d d—n it! What a cursed country is this! A *Jew* here may warm his a— where a *Christian* dares not shew his face."

A new adept, who boasted of having found the secret of making gold, petitioned Leo X. for a reward. The Pope, a protector of the arts, seemed to acquiesce to his demand; and the alchemist was full of the hopes of a great fortune. When he returned to solicit his reward, Leo gave him a great empty purse, telling him, *That, as he knew how to make gold, he only wanted a purse to hold it.*

In 1586, Philip II. King of Spain, had sent the young Constable of Castile to Rome, to felicitate Sixtus V on his exaltation. This Pope, displeased that so young an ambassador had been deputed to him, could not help saying, "And well, Sir! Did your master want men, by sending to me an ambassador without a beard?" "If my Sovereign had thought, replied the proud Spaniard, that merit consisted in *a beard*, he would have sent you a *he-gout*, and not a gentleman as I am!"

The late Dr. Stukely one day, by appointment, visiting Sir Isaac Newton, the servant told him he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but it was near dinner-time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. After a time dinner was brought in; a boiled chicken under a cover. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The doctor ate the fowl, and covering up the empty dish, had them dress their master another. Before that was ready, the great man came down; he apologized for his delay, and added, "Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service; I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lifted up the cover; and without any emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile; "See, says he, what we studious people are! I forgot I had dined."

Marshal Turenne happened, one hot day, to be looking out at the window of his anti-chamber, in a white waistcoat and night-cap. A servant entering the room, deceived by his dress, mistakes him for one of the under cooks. He comes softly behind him, and with a hand that was not one of the lightest, gives him a violent slap on the breech. The Marshal instantly turns about, and the fellow frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his master; down he drops upon his knees. "Oh my lord! I thought it was George." "And suppose it had been George, (repeated the Marshal, rubbing his backside) you ought not to have struck quite so hard."

A trial for lands being pleaded before a chancellor, the counsel on both sides, set forth their limitations in question by the plot, and the counsel plead d—"My lord, we lie on this side;" and the other said—"My lord, we lie on this side."—"Nay then (says the chancellor) if you lie on both sides, I'll believe neither of you."

A certain loving husband ordered his wife to be buried a few hours after her death. "Why, sir," said his servant, in surprise, "my mistress is not quite cold." "Do what I bid you, sirrah," said the master in a passion, "she is dead enough."

A person, who had been horse-whipped, being asked by a friend how he could suffer himself to be treated so like a cypher? replied—"When did you ever see a cypher with so many strokes to it?"

"Where did you learn wisdom?" said Diogenes to a wise man—"From the blind (said he), who try the path with a stick before they tread on it."

A scholar, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed each to watch four hours at night, in turn, for the sake of security; the barber's turn came first, who shaved the scholar's head when asleep, and awaked him when his turn came. The scholar scratch-

ed his head, and feeling it bald, exclaimed, "You wretch of a barber, you have waked the bald man instead of me."

Parsons, the player, going to visit Edwin one day, was told by the maid-servant he was not at home, though he knew he was; a few days after, Edwin went to see Parsons, who hearing his voice, called out that he was not within—"Why (said Edwin), don't I hear your voice?" To which Parsons replied—"You are an impudent fellow; I believed your maid, and you will not believe me."

COPIED FROM A CHESHIRE FINGER-POST.

This is the Road to Tarwin; this is the way to Chester; this goes no where. N. B. If you cannot read, ask at the blacksmith's shop.

A sailor meeting an o'd acquaintance whom the world had frowned on a little, asked him where he lived?—"where I live," said he, "I dont know, but I starve towards Wapping, and that way."

When Mr. Whitfield once preached at a chapel in New England, where a collection was made after his sermon, a British seaman, who stumbled into the meeting, observed some persons take plates, and place themselves at the doors; upon which, he laid hold of one, and taking his station, received a considerable sum from the congregation, as they departed, which he very deliberately put in his pockets. This being told to Whitfield, he applied to the sailor for the money, saying it was collected for charitable uses, and must be given to him. "Avast, there," says Jack, "it was given to me, and I'll keep it." "You will be damn'd," says the parson, "if you don't return it." "I'll be damn'd, if I do," replied the sailor; and sheer'd off with his prize-money.

A mason at Brecon was ordered to erect a tombstone, on which he inscribed the age of the deceased

at 89. His friends finding the real age to be 90, insisted upon his adding *another year*. This the ingenious Welshman accomplished; and the stone now actually stands 891!

When the late Duke of Cumberland was at a masquerade, he observed Miss Chadleigh in a habit very closely bordering on the naked: "*my dear lady,*" says he, "*suffer me to put my hand upon that soft bosom.*" "*Sir,*" said she, "*give me your hand, and I'll put it on a much softer place*" She took his hand, and put it on his own forehead.

A ship in the course of a long voyage was overtaken by a storm, in which she sprung a *leak*; the cook (who was a Welshman) on being informed of it, thanked God for it, as he had not tasted *fresh vegetables* for many months.

In the early part of the last century, when the writings of Whiston and his disciples had succeeded in making the doctrine of the Trinity a subject of popular discussion, it was usual to see chalked up against the walls of the churches, by some of the more eager maintainers of that doctrine, the words, "*Christ is God*". Two sailors passing a church one day, upon which this inscription appeared in large letters, one of them stopped to read it, and then hollowed out to his companion, who had gone forward, "*do you hear that Jack?*" "*What is it?*" said the other, "*Why*" replied the first, "*Christ is God.*" "*Aye,*" returned the mate, "*what is the old gentleman dead then?*"

It is said, that the Pope advised Petrarch to marry Laura; but that the poet refused, because he feared that the familiarity of marriage would extinguish his passion. A blunt person, on reading this anecdote, observed, "*There is a fool, who won't eat his dinner least he should spoil his appetite.*"

A person was joked by his friends, because that, at an advanced age, he married a young woman. The old bean said, "That he would rather his heart pierced with a new and shining blade, than by a rusty nail."

At no time of life should a man give up the thoughts of enjoying the society of women. "In youth," says my Lord Bacon, "women are our mistresses; at a riper age, our companions; in old age, our nurses; and in all ages, our friends."

An author was reading some bad verses in his poem, to his friend in a very cold apartment. The attic critic, in a shaking fit, cried out, "My dear friend, either put *fire* into your *verses*, or your *verses* into the *fire*, else I shall not be able to stand here any longer."

#### A TRUE PICTURE OF A METHODIST.

A methodist, who kept a huckster's shop, was heard one day to say to his shopman, "John, have you watered the rum?" Yes—"Have you sauded the brown sugar?" Yes—"Have you wetted the tobacco?" Yes—"Then come up to prayers!"

A sculptor in Portugal, who had borne the character of a free-thinker, was dying. A jesuit confessed him, and held a crucifix before him, exclaiming, "See, there is God, whom you have so often offended! Do you know him?" "O yes," replied the sculptor, "for it was I that made him."

Sir W. W. Wynne talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Aye," said he, "how so, pray?" "Why" replied the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shewn to me; it filled up about five large skins of parchment, and in the middle of it was a note in the margin; *About this time the world was created.*



A father was once going to preach upon the text of the Samaritan woman, and after reading it, he said, "Do not wonder my beloved that this text is so long, *for it is a woman that speaks.*"

*A YORKSHIREMAN'S COAT OF ARMS.*

A flea, a fly, a louse, a magpie, and a gammon of bacon, (thus illustrated): a flea will suck your blood! so will a Yorkshireman. A fly will drink of every man's cup! so will a Yorkshireman. A louse will stick to your skin! so will a Yorkshireman. A magpie will lye and chatter! so will a Yorkshireman. A gammon of bacon is never good till it has hung! no more is a Yorkshireman.

*KILKENNY THEATRE ROYAL.*

By his Majesty's Company of Comedians. (The last night, because the company go to-morrow to Waterford.)

On Saturday, May 14, 1810, will be performed, by command of several respectable people in this learned metropolis, for the Benefit of Mr. KEARNS,

*THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET.*

Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes, of Limerick, and inserted in Shakespeare's Works.

Hamlet by Mr. Kearns, (being his first appearance in that character) who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bag-pipes, which play two tunes at the same time.

Ophelia by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favorite airs in character, particularly, "The lass of Richmond hill," and "We'll all be happy together," from the rev. Mr. Dibdin's oddities.

The parts of the King and Queen, by direction of the rev. father O'Callaghan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage.

Polonius, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public.

The ghost, the grave digger, and Laertes, by Mr. Sampson, the great London comedian.

The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes.

A drummer of the 104th regiment executing his duty on an Irish recruit, who was to receive a certain number of lashes; the fellow, as is customary, cries out, "strike high, strike high:" the drummer, who was also an Irishman, desirous of obliging his countryman, did as he was requested; but the sufferer still continued to roar out, through pain, the drummer was offended—"the devil burn you," quoth he, "there is no pleasing you, *strike where one will.*"

*A hand-bill stuck up in several parts of the city of Dublin, July 31, 1784.*

This is to certify, that I, Daniel O'Hannaghan, am not the man that was tarred and feathered by the liberty-mob, on Tuesday last; and am ready to give 20 guineas to any one that will lay me 50, that I am the other man, who goes in my name.

Witness my hand this 30th July,  
Daniel O'Hannaghan.

The late counsellor Crowles, being obliged to ask pardon in the House of Commons, on his knees, when he got up, brushed them, and observed to a friend who was near him, *he never was in so dirty a house in his life.* "Oh" says the other, "that is always the case in houses where there is so much *lumber.*"

When one of the ministerial party ordered the gallery to be cleared of all gentlemen, in the course of the session 1778, Governor Johnstone turned out the ladies, among whom were the duchess of D——e, and several other persons of quality: "For d——n me," says he, "I have no notion of making fish of one and *flesh* of another."

Some years ago the door-keepers were permitted to take money for admitting strangers to the gallery: one night, on a very important division, the gallery was to be cleared, a gentleman refused to stir. He swore he had as good a title to remain as nine-tenths, at least, of the members below--*for he had bought his seat.*

A person who stammered very much, found means to get introduced at Ferney. He had no other recommendation than the praises he very liberally bestowed upon himself. When he left the room, Voltaire said he believed him to be an adventurer, an impostor—Madame Denis said, impostors never stammer. “What!” replies Voltaire, “Did not Moses stammer?”

Voltaire compared the British nation to a hogshead of their own strong beer; the top of which is *froth*, the bottom *drags*, the middle *excellent*.

Voltaire's dislike to the Clergy is well known. The conversation happening one day to turn into a topic of abuse on them; one person said, if you subtract pride from priests, nothing will remain. “You reckon their gormandizing as nothing?” said Voltaire.

When Voltaire was on his death-bed, he was visited by M. Bonnet, curate of St. Sulpice, who began with putting his hand on the dying man's head, as he lay in bed; upon which Voltaire raised his own hand to the curate's head, and pushing him away, saying, “I came into the world without a *bonnet*, and will go out without one.”

The late lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed to be gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies, Voltaire accosted him, “My lord, I know you are a judge—which are more beautiful—the English or French ladies?” Upon my word, replied his lordship with his usual presence of mind, *I am no connoisseur in painting!* Some time after this Voltaire being in London,

happened to be at a nobleman's rout with lord Chesterfield; a lady in company prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engaged his conversation. Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder, and whispered, "Take care you are not captivated." "My lord," replied the wit, "I seem to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."

When G——k was at Brighthelmstone, he sent Sir John M-lls to get him a lodging. Foote meeting him, and being informed of his errand, told him he might get David a lodging, but as to a kitchen that would be quite superfluous, as he never dressed any victuals at home.

No people on the face of the earth are more partial to their own country than the Scotch; on which account Mr. Foote never failed to chastise every Scotchman, who at any time in his company, chose to ride his national hobby-horse. On one of these occasions, a Scotchman having been figuring away concerning the great sagacity and ingenuity of his countrymen, Mr. Foote determined to punish him by relating the following story. "A ship being in distress at sea (said the wit,) the compass was by some accident thrown down, and dashed to pieces. This threw the captain into a terrible dilemma; he knew not how to steer without it, nor did he understand how to make one. A Scotch sailor taking notice of his anxiety, said, "Sir, donna ye know how to make a compass?" "No (replied the captain) I wish I did." "Out, out, mon (returned the Scotchman) the muckle de'el gar me, but I'se shew ye how to make one, if you'll gi' me a sheet of writing paper." A sheet of writing-paper being produced, the Scotchman very deliberately put his thumb and finger into the collar of his shirt, drew forth a louse, and placed it gently on the paper. "Now ken ye well, captain, (said he) and observe ye, that a Scotch louse always trav'ls southward; so that if ye mind the course of this louse upon the paper, ye may easily find

whereabout the north is, and make your compass accordingly."

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together, at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay his reckoning, asked the latter, "What he should do with a light guinea he had?" "Pshaw, its worth nothing," says Garrick, "*fling it to the devil.*" "Well David," says the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to *make a guinea go further* than any other man."

When Foote first heard of the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval's death, the shock of losing so intimate a friend had such an effect on his spirits, that he burst into tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for two days: the third day, Jewell his treasurer, calling on him, he asked him with swollen eyes, what time the funeral would be? "Not till next week, sir," replied the other, "as I hear the surgeons are first to dissect his *head.*" This last word recovered the wit's fancy, who repeating it with some surprise, asked, "And what the devil will they get there?" "I am sure," says he, "I have known poor Frank these five and twenty years, and I never could find *any thing* in it."

When the celebrated doctor Taylor first set up his coach, he consulted with Foote about the choice of a motto. "What are your arms?" says the wit. "Three mallards," cried the doctor. "Very good," says Foote, "why then the motto I would recommend to you is, *Quack—Quack—Quack.*"

When doctor Johnson was last in Scotland, amongst other curiosities shewn him, he was taken to a very ancient and high castle, which was reckoned to command the most extensive view of any in the country. "Well sir," says his guide, "what do you think of this prospect?" "It is the finest in all Scotland," says the doctor, "for I can here see *the road to England.*"

Some time after the publication of Ossian, doctor Blair, who wrote notes on that celebrated *equivocal* performance, after highly applauding it before doctor Johnson, asked him, whether he thought there was any man living could write such another epic poem? "O yes sir," says Johnson, *many men, many women, and many children.*"

A great personage meeting doctor Johnson in the Queen's library, and being informed who he was, very condescendingly went up to him, enquired after his health. In the course of some conversation his m——y asked, "Why he had not written more?" "Why, sire," says Johnson, "I do not know; I think I have written enough." "Why so should I too, doctor," replied his m——y, "if you had *not written so well.*"

#### THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A Man, in many a country town, we know,

Professing openly with death to wrestle:

Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,

Arm'd with a mortar, and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are;

But meet just like ; rize-fighters in a fair:

Who first shake hands before they box,

Then give each other plaguy knocks,

With all the love and kindness of a brother:

So (many a suffering patient saith)

Though the apothecary fights with death,

Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapean line,

Liv'd at Newcastle upon Tyne:

No man could better gild a pill:

Or make a bill;

Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;

Or draw a tooth out of your head;

Or chatter scandal by your bed;

Or give a glister.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff*:

Yet still he thought the list not long enough:

And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.

This balanc'd things:—for if he hurl'd

A few score mortals from the world,

He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame, full six miles, round the country ran;

In short in reputation he was *solus*:

All the old women call'd him "a fine man!"

His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,

(Which oft'times will genius fetter)

Read works of fancy, it is said;

And cultivate the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?

Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?

Of poetry though patron God,

Apollo patronizes physic.

Bolus lov'd verse;—and took so much delight in't,

That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he has e'er let pass

Of writing the directions on his labels,

In dapper couplets—like *Gay's Fables*;

Or rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?

'Tis simply honest dealing;—not a crime;

When patients swallow physic without reason,

It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,

Some three miles from the town, it might be four;

To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,

In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical,

And, on the label of the stuff,

He wrote verse;

Which one would think was clear enough,

And terse:

"When taken,

"To be well shaken."

Next morning, early, Bolus rose;  
And to the patient's house he goes;—

Upon his pad,  
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:  
It was indeed a very sorry hack;—  
But that's of course:

For what's expected from a horse,  
With an apothecary on his back?  
Bolos arriv'd; and gave a double tap;  
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind  
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance;  
By fiddlers, and by opera singers:  
One loud, and then a little one behind;  
As if the knocker fell, by chance  
Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,  
Long as a courtiers out of place—

Portending some disaster;  
John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,  
As if th' apothecary had physick'd him,  
And not his master.

"Well how's the patient?" Bolus said,  
John shook his head.

"Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!

"He took the draught?"—John gave a nod.

"Well—how?—what then?—speak out you dunce."

"Why then," says John, "we *shook* him once."

"Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammer'd out:

"We jolted him about."

"Zounds! shake a patient, man—a shake won't do."

"No, Sir—and so we gave him two."

"Two shakes!—odds curse!

"'Twould make the patient worse."

"It did so, Sir—and so a third we tried."

"Well, and what then?"—"Then, Sir, my master  
died."



ANECDOTES OF THE REV. GEORGE HARVEST.

Such was his absence and distraction, that he frequently used to forget the prayer days, and to walk into his church with his gun, to see what could have assembled the people there.

Wherever he slept, he used commonly to pervert the use of every utensil; to wash his hands and mouth in the chamber-pot, to make water in the bason or guglet, and to go into bed between the sheets with his boots on.

One day, when Lady Onslow had a good deal of company, Mr. Harvest got up and said, ladies, I am going to the bogei, meaning a certain place: being joked and reproved for this indelicate piece of behaviour, in order to mend it, the next day got and desired the company to take notice he was not going to the bogei.

One day Mr. Harvest being in a punt on the Thames with Mr. Onslow, began to read a beautiful passage in some Greek author, and throwing himself backwards in an extacy, fell into the water, whence he was with difficulty fished out.

Once being to preach before the clergy at the visitation, he had three sermons in his pocket; some wags got possession of them, mixed the leaves, and sewed them all up as one, Mr. Harvest began his sermon, and soon lost the thread of his argument, and grew confused: but nevertheless continued till he had preached out first all the church-wardens, and next the clergy; who thought he was mad.

Once Lady Onslow took him to see Garrick play some favorite character: in order that he might have an uninterrupted view, she procured a front row in the front boxes, Harvest knowing that he was to sleep in town, literally brought his night-cap in his pocket.

It was of striped woollen, and had been worn since it was last washed, at least half a year. In pulling out his handkerchief, his cap came with it, and fell into the pit: the person on whom it fell, tossed it from him, the next did the same, and the cap was for some minutes tossed to and fro all over the pit. Harvest, who was afraid of losing his property, got up, and after hemming two or three times, to clear his pipes, began the following oration; gentlemen, when you have sufficiently amused yourselves with that cap, please to restore it to me who am the owner; at the same time bowing and placing his left hand on his breast; the mob, struck with his manner, handed up the cap on the end of one of their sticks, like the head of a traitor on the point of a lance.

A METHODIST'S SERMON.

Brethren! Brethren! Brethren! (The word brethren comes from the tabernacle, because we all *breathe therein*) if you are drowsy I'll *rouze* you; I'll beat a *tat too* upon the parchment of your consciences, and whip the *devil* about like a *whirl-a-gig* among you—even as the cat upon the top of the house doth *squall*: even so from the top of my voice will I *bawl*, and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye: and the *sweet words* that I shall utter—and the *sweet words* that I shall utter, shall sugar candy over your souls, and make *carraway comfits* of your consciences—do you know how many taylor's make a man?—Why nine taylor's make a man—and how many make half a man?—Why four journeymen and a 'prentice: even so you have all been bound 'prentice to *Miss Fortune the fashion maker*: and now you are out of your times you have set up for yourselves. My *great bowels* and my *sm-all-guts* groan for you, I have got the gripe of compassion, and the belly-ach of pity—*Give me a dram!* Give me a dram—do give me a dram, a dram of *patience* I mean, while I explain unto you, what *reformation*, and what *abomination* mean—which the

*worldly wicked* have mixed together like *potatoes* and *butter-milk*, and therewith made a *sinsful stir-about*. *Reformation* is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter: and *Abomination*—is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap tub. Have you carried your consciences to the scourer's? Have you bought any fuller's earth at my shop to take the stains out? You say, yes, you have, you have, you have. But I say, no; you lie! you lie! you lie! I am no *velvet-mouthed* preacher; I scorn your lawn sleeves—you are full of filth; ye must be parboiled; ye must be boiled down in our tabernacle, to make portable soup, for the saints to sup a ladle full of: and then the *scum*, and the *scallings* of your iniquities will *boil over*; and that is called the *kitchen-stuff* of your conscience, that serves to grease the cart wheels that carry us over the *Devil's ditch*; that's among the jockeys at Newmarket; and the *Devil's gap*; that's among the other jockeys, the lawyers at Lincoln's-inn-fields—and then there is the *Devil* among the *taylors*, and the *Devil* among the *players*; and the players that play the *Devil to pay*. The *play-house* is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves out upon the tenter-hooks of temptation. *Tragedy* is the *blank verse* of *Beelzebub*; *comedy* is his *hasty-pudding*; and *pantomime* is his *country-dance*. And yet, you'll pay the players for seeing the play; yes, yes, but you won't pay me: no, no; till *Beelzebub's* bumbailiffs lay hold of you; and then you will pay your garnish; but I won't. No, you shall lay on the common side of the world, like a toad in a hole that is baked for the devil's dinner. Do put some money in the plate—put some money in the plate; and then all your sins shall be scalded away; even as they scald the bristles off the hog's back: and you shall be cleaved from all your sins, as easy as the barber shaveth away the wicked beard from the chin of the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,  
 Or I, your preacher, cannot eat,  
 And 'tis with grief of heart I tell ye,  
 How much this preaching scours the belly;  
 How pinching to the human tripe  
 Is pity's belly-ach—the gripe;  
 But that religion (lovely maid)  
 Keeps a cook's shop to feed the trade.

*THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS—A true story.*

A brace of sinners for no good,  
 Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine  
 Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,  
 And in a fair white wig look'd wond'rous fine.  
 Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,  
 With something in their shoes much wore than gravel;  
 In short, their toes, so gentle to amuse,  
 The priest had order'd peas into their shoes,  
 A nostrum famous in old popish times  
 For purifying souls that stunk with crimes,  
 A sort of apostolic salt,  
 That popish parsons for its powers exalt,  
 For keeping souls of sinners sweet,  
 Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.  
 The knaves sat off on the same day,  
 Peas in their shoes, to go and pray,  
 But very diff'rent was their speed I wot;  
 One of the sinners gallop'd on,  
 Light as a bullet from a gun;  
 The other limp'd as if he had been shot.  
 One saw the virgin soon—*peccavi* cried  
 Had his soul white-wash'd all so clever;  
 Then home again he nimbly hied,  
 Made fit with saints above to live for ever.  
 In coming back, however, let me say,  
 He met his brother rogue about half way;

Hol'bling with out-stretched bum and bended knees,  
 Damning the souls and bodies of the peas;  
 His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,  
 Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now!" the light-toed white-wash'd pilgrim  
 broke,

"You lazy lubber!"

"Ods curse it!" cried the other, "'tis no joke;

"My feet, once hard as any rock,

"Are now as soft as blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear;

"As for Loretto, I shall ne'er get there;

"No, to the devil my sinful soul must go,

"For damme if I ha'nt lost ev'ry toe.

"But, brother sinner, do explain

"How 'tis that you are not in pain;

"What pow'r hath work'd a wonder for your toes;

"Whilst I just like a snail am crawling,

"Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,

"Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

"How is't that you can like a greyhound go,

"Merry, as if that nought had happen'd? burn  
 ye!"

"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know,

"That just before I ventur'd on my journey,

"To walk a little more at ease,

"I took the liberty to *boil my peas*."

ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF KILDARE.

Who *kill'd Kildare*? who *dar'd Kildare to kill*?

(Death answers)

"I *kill'd Kildare*, and *dare kill* whom I will!"

The first night that Savigny (who was a cutler by profession) appeared at Covent-garden theatre, in Barbarossa, lady Harrington, who sat in the same Box with Sir Francis Delaval, being much affected, turned about to the knight and observed, "He was

really very cutting." "Oh! dear madam," says Sir Francis, "I am not much surprised at that—consider he is a razor-grinder."

In a church not far from a famous sea-port, was a parson and clerk, who were really originals in their way. The parson, who was a Welchman, spoke so thick, there was no understanding him; and the clerk, having broke his voice in singing psalms, repeated the responses in such a querulous plaintive tone, that he seemed to be always crying. A sailor who stumbled in there one Sunday evening, was very much astonished at their proceedings; and though the parishioners might be acquainted with their dialect, Jack was not; however, he waited with much decency and patience till service was ended, and going out, meets a brother tar. *Where have you been Jack?—at church. And what did you see there?—Why the clerk was crying,* replied he, *because he did not understand a word the parson said to him.*

A gentleman having a remarkable *bad breath*, was met by a celebrated Irish wit at Lucan's coffee-house, who asked him where he had been? "I have been taking the air this morning," says he, which was rather disagreeable too, as I had a damned *North wind* full in my face all the time." "Come, come," says the wit, "don't you complain; by G—d, the *North wind* had the worst of it."

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York-buildings, which he intended for public orations, he happened at one time to be pretty much behind with his workmen; and coming one day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the rostrum, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The fellow mounting, and scratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. Oh! said the knight, no matter for that, speak any

thing that comes uppermost. *Why here, Sir Richard, says the fellow, we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money: Pray sir, when do you intend to pay us?* Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard quite enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't admire your subject.

A certain reverend drone in the country was complaining to another, that it was a great fatigue to preach twice a day. *Oh!* said the other, *I preach twice every Sunday, and make nothing of it.*

When Queen Elizabeth in her progress thro' the kingdom, called at Coventry, the Mayor, attended by the Aldermen, addressed her Majesty in rhyme, in the following words:

We men of Coventry  
Are very glad to see  
Your Royal Majesty;  
Good lord, how fair you be?

To which her Majesty returned the following gracious answer:

My Royal Majesty  
Is very glad to see  
Ye men of Coventry:  
Good Lord, what fools ye be!

In a second tour through England, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the Queen paid the aforesaid city another visit: Mr. Mayor, on her departure, among other particulars, said, "When the King of Spain attacked your Majesty, egad, *he took the wrong sow by the ear.*" The Queen could not help smiling at the man's simplicity; which was further heightened, when he begged to have the honour to attend the Queen as far as the gallows, which stood about a mile out of the town.

Tom Clarke of St. John's, desired a fellow of the same College, to lend him Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation; the other told him, he could not possibly spare it out of his chambers, but if he pleased he might come there and read it all day long. Some time after, the same gentleman sends to Tom, to borrow his bellows; Tom sent him word, *he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and blow all day long, if he would.*

A lady's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed it was but forty, and called a gentleman who was in company to deliver opinion. "Cousin," said she, *do you believe I'm right when I say I am but forty?* *For sure Madam,* said he, *I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so, for these ten years.*

L—y C—r being an evidence in a court of justice, and very severely cross-examined by the counsel for the opposite party, was for a short time at a stand to reply to a very uncommon question; but recovering herself; she set the court in a titter, by saying, *What has been my ruin, Sir, has been your making—I mean impudence, Sir.*

A poor, but worthy clergyman, who possessed only a small lectureship, from the income of which he had a large family to maintain, had been under the necessity, through some expensive family sickness; &c. of contracting debts with several in the parish, and, being unable to answer their demands, absconded for some time, for fear of being troubled: and in short, was so ashamed of facing his creditors, that he ever prevailed with a friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However, considering this method of life could not last long, he took courage, and resolved to preach the following Sunday before his parishioners; when he took his text from the New Testament in these words, *Have patience—secondly, and I will pay you all.* He then



expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most christian virtue, patience; after which, *and now*, says he, *having done with my first head, viz.* Have patience, *I come to my second and last general head, which is,* And I will pay you all;—*but that I must defer to another opportunity.* This conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him, that they would never trouble him.

*The Jewess and her Son, a Story founded on an accident that happened at Liverpool Theatre, written by Peter Pinder, Esq.*

Poor mistress Levi had a luckless son,  
 Who rushing to obtain a foremost seat,  
 In imitation of the ambitious great,  
 High from the gallery, e'er the play begun,  
 He fell all plump into the pit,  
 Dead in a minute as a wit:  
 In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;  
 Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck!  
 The mother was distracted, raving, wild—  
 Shriek'd, tore her hair, embraced and kiss'd her child;  
 Afflicted every heart with grief around;  
 Soon as the shower of tears was somewhat pass'd,  
 She cast about her eyes in thought profound,  
 And being with a saving knowledge bless'd,  
 She thus to the play-house manager address'd  
 Sher, I'm de moter of the poor chew lad,  
 Dat meet mish fartin here so bad—  
 Sher, I must haf de shilling back you know,  
 Ass Moses haf not see de show!

#### MODERN RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Last night, as o'er the page of Love's despair,  
 My Delia bent, deliciously to grief;  
 I stood, a treacherous loiterer by her chair,  
 And drew the *fatal scissars* from my sleeve.

She heard the steel her beauteous lock divide,  
 And whilst my heart with transport panted bid,  
 She cast a fury frown, and cried,  
 You stupid puppy—you have spoil'd my wig!

ONE of those famed *literati*, a country sculptor,  
 was ordered to engrave on a tomb-stone, the following  
 words:

"A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband."  
 But the stone being small, he engraved on it,  
 "A virtuous woman is *5s.* to her husband."

#### THE SADDLE.

In Italy, as authors tell us,  
 There liv'd a Painter, wond'rous jealous;  
 Tormented with a female evil,  
 Tempting and subtle as the devil;  
 A slipp'ry Proteus, whom no chain,  
 Nor Spanish padlock, could contain.  
 Thus she created frequent smart  
 To spouse's aching head and heart;  
 'Twas the chief business of his life  
 How to confine this cel, his wife.  
 Inventive noddle teems, at last,  
 With an odd whim to hold her fast;  
 Resolv'd his pencil-art to show  
 (Whate'er he can't perform below)  
 He drew a mule, with dext'rous skill,  
 One the soft brow of Venus' hill;  
 Thus, if she stay'd, he could for certain,  
 Know it by drawing up the curtain:  
 But, ah! how vain our councils are,  
 And all our plots against the fair.  
 Comes brother Brush to take a bout,  
 So, God knows how! they rubb'd it out;  
 But, as he was an honest brother,  
 Finding one gone, he drew another;  
 Forgetting what he first did lack,  
 He clapp'd a saddle on his back.

Chloe was greatly pleas'd. and smil'd  
 To think how Seignior was beguil'd;  
 Who, reeling home one evening late,  
 With mellow looks and jealous pate,  
 Vow'd he'd not take one wink of sleep  
 Without one deer departing peep.  
 "Can you distrust me," Chloe cries,  
 "Inhuman man!" and wipes her eyes.  
 "Put on your spectacles and view it:  
 "The Mule, my dear is where you drew it."  
 "The Mule I see is safe my dear,  
 "But, zounds, who put the saddle here?"

Sir John St. Ledger, the Judge Jefferies of Ireland, had been remarkably severe to a number of poor wretches who were brought before him for committing depredations in that country. Paul Liddy was the captain of a banditti, who levied contribution on that part where the knight lived. Among others, he wrote to Sir John, to inform him, that if he did not deposit a certain sum in the place he mentioned, at such a time, he would set fire to his house, murder him, and ravish his lady. Shortly after, by the vigilance of the knight, the captain was taken, and closely confined in irons, in the Black Dog prison. Lady St. Ledger could not resist the curiosity of seeing a man who had dared to make such a declaration. She accordingly went to the prison, where she was informed by the beautiful Monica Gall, a courtesan whom Liddy had married, that he was too much indisposed to see any one. Upon which her ladyship, with an insolence that reduced her below the level of the unhappy person she addressed, asked her whether she was the villain's w——, or his wife? To which the other immediately replied, "I have the misfortune to be his wife, the honour of whore was intended for your ladyship."

*Prologue spoken by the celebrated Mr. Barrington, on  
opening the Theatre at Sidney, Botany Bay.*

From distant climes o'er wide spread seas we come,  
 Tho' not with much *eclat* of beat of drum.  
 True patriots all, for be it understood,  
 We left our country for our country's good;  
 No private views disgrac'd our generous zeal,  
 What urg'd our travels, was our country's weal,  
 And none will doubt, but what our emigration  
 Has prov'd most useful to the British nation.  
 But you inquire what could our breasts enflame  
 With this new passion for theatric fame?  
 What in the practice of our former days  
 Could shape our talents to exhibit plays?  
 Your patience, Sirs, some observations made,  
 You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.  
 He, who to midnight ladders is no stranger,  
 You'll own will make an admirable *Ranger*.  
 To see *Macheath* we have not far to roam,  
 And sure in *Filch* I shall be quite at home;  
*Unrival'd there*, none will dispute my claim  
 To high pre-eminence and exalted fame.  
 As oft on Gadshill we have ta'en our stand,  
 When 'twas so dark you could not see your hand,  
 Some true-bred Falstaff we may hope to star,  
 Who, when bolster'd well will play his part;  
 The scene to vary, we shall try in time  
 To treat you with a little pantomime;  
 Here light and easy colombines are found,  
 And well try'd harlequins with us abound;  
 From *durance vile* our precious selves to keep,  
 We often had recourse to a *flying leap*!  
 To a black face have sometimes ow'd a 'scape,  
 And Hounslow Heath has prov'd the worth of crape.  
 But how, you ask, can we e'er hope to soar  
 Above these scenes and rise to Tragic lore!  
 Too oft, alas! we forc'd the unwilling tear,  
 And petrified the heart with real fear!

Macbeth a harvest of applause will reap,  
 For some of us, I fear, *have murder'd sleep!*  
 His Lady too, with grace will *sleep and talk!*  
 Our females have been us'd at night to walk.  
 Sometimes, indeed, so various is our art,  
 An actor may improve and mend his part.  
 "Give me a horse!" bawls Richard like a drone;  
 We'll find a man would help himself to one.  
 Grant us your favour, put us to the test,  
 To grant your smiles we'll do our very best;  
 And without dread of future turukey *Lockits*,  
 Thus, in an honest way, still pick your pockets.

When Old Parr was brought from Shropshire by Lord Arundel, and introduced to Charles the First, both King and Queen were, from the untoward situation of their affairs, in a very serious frame of mind; and the Queen, looking at him with great earnestness, asked him "what he had done more in his long life, than men who had not lived half his time!"—"May it please your Majesty," replied he, "I did penance for a bastard child in Abberbury church, when I was above an hundred years old.

As a certain reverend gentleman and his friend were passing Anthony Bacon's house at Woodford, which stands upon a hill, naked and without trees. "Pray," says the parson, "whose house is that?" "Bacon's," replied his friend. "Bacon," says the parson, "then Bacon wants greens sadly."

When a Jew, who was condemned to be hanged, was brought to the gallows, and just on the point of being turned off, a reprieve arrived; when Moses was informed of this, it was expected he would have instantly quitted the cart, but he stayed to see his two fellow travellers hanged, and when asked why he did not get about his business, said, "He waited to see if he could bargain with maister Ketch for the two gentlemen's clothes."

An Irishman and an Englishman falling out, the Hibernian told him, if he did not hold his tongue, he would bráke his *impenetrable* head, and let the brains out of his *empty* skull.

A countryman who had some money left him, was told he might add considerably to his property by turning stock-broker. Full of this idea he came to London, and was recommended to a gentleman well known at the Stock-Exchange for his drollery. Upon applying to this person for his advice, after pausing a minute, he replied, "My friend, my advice is, that you go to Smithfield, and lay out your money in pigs!" "Lay out my money in pigs!" exclaimed the countryman, starting, "for what?" "Why because you will, by that means, have a *squeak* for your money, which is more than ever you will have for it if you come here."

Two Irish porters meeting in Dublin, one addressed the other with "Och, Teddy my jewel, and is it you? and are you just come from England? Pray did you see any thing of our old friend Pat Murphy?" "No, truly," replied he, "and I'm very much afraid I shall never see him again." "How so?"—"Why, he met with a very unfortunate accident lately."—"Amazing! What was it?"—"O, indeed, nothing more than this: as he was standing on a plank, talking devoutly to a priest, at a place in London which I think they call the Old Bailey, the plank suddenly gave way, and poor Murphy got *his neck broke*."

F I N I S.



